

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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A CORRESPONDENT has addressed us in a lengthy epistle touching sundry crookednesses which lie perdue, as it were, among the dark places of musical art, and also concerning many things, in his opinion, needful to the welfare of artists: but, as he does not express himself clearly, and as—in spite of his enthusiasm—many of his notions are manifestly ill-grounded, we must decline to use his suggestions in their present form. We thank him, nevertheless, for refreshing our memory on a project which we have long contemplated, and now offer to our readers—premising that our observations are intended for the use and behoof of *young* musicians only: since by their efforts has English art been placed in its present course of advancement, and to *them* only must it be indebted for its ultimate perfection.

The great evil in the social system of composership in this country is a want of what the French call *esprit du corps*. Every young man of ability has his circle of friends and companions—of admirers and *admirees*; but while with these his sympathies are ungrudgingly shared, their operation is de-utilized by the shortness of the tether with which he chooses to bind them. While cultivating an art, of all others the most powerful in expanding the kindlier susceptibilities of his nature, in appeasing *sensations* of strife, and—by those unspeakable influences which music exercises with her sincere votaries—in opening outlets for the warmest affections, we often find him querulously impatient at any temporary success of a brother-artist, and too anxious to criticise with severity, where a desire to be *pleased* would more gracefully become his calling, and cost him infinitely less pain in the process. Without confessing to any Utopian notions of human perfectibility, we firmly believe that the character of a real

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musician is essentially unsophisticated and in the highest degree generous, and, therefore, cannot think that the blemish to which we have alluded should be wholly charged on *him* so long as the puny jealousies which result from an artist's position, and which it should be his pride to overcome, are fostered by the meddling of injudicious friends. There is too much *cliquery*—too much partizanship, in our musical economy. Each composer is accompanied by his *tail* of satellites who systematically puff him and decry others, until he falls into the common mistake of over-estimating himself and under-rating the works of his neighbours; and thus is taught to look coldly on those his fellow-labourers to whom, animated with kindred feeling and gifted with like talents, the love of their common pursuit should but the more closely attach him.

Out of all this, three sorts of mischief arise. In the first place, setting aside the consideration of good-fellowship, the young artist is kept in ignorance of his real position. He knows the bulk of those with whom he must contend merely by name; with their persons and their works he is alike unacquainted, and is, therefore, incapable of justly proportioning his efforts to his exigencies. Secondly, the progress of art is materially impeded. It is impossible to imagine any intellectual exercise so utterly self-suggestive, or any genius so all-perfect, that its possessor may not profit by the experience of others. On the contrary, we know that all matters, whether of mathematical or imaginative culture, are perfected only by the interchange of sentiment, the force of reciprocative opinion, and a constant rivalry of effort. And lastly, a weapon of offence is provided for those who revile us as a people incapable of musical creation. A respect for *la gloire nationale*, which in France pervades all persons on all subjects, puts this species of evil out of the question. With the musicians of that country we find the perfection of that *esprit du corps* which we so much need;—they feel that the honour of the school of art to which they belong is in no slight degree influenced by the appearance of cordial agreement among themselves, while the composers of England seem wholly neglectful of the natural inference that if they slight each other in detail, people generally will not scruple to abuse them all *en masse*.

We think, then, that our young composers need socializing, or fraternizing: they should gather themselves into some body-corporate, or guild, for the cultivation of mutual respect and improvement, from which we are convinced they would gain as much benefit as they are reaping disadvantage in their present state. Men neither like things which they do not understand, nor persons whom they do not know, and by analogy of reason we deduce that a system of friendly communication among our young artists would go far towards extinguishing the unprofitable jealousies which they so frequently and causelessly exhibit. They should discard the services of those sycophantic *go-betweens* who now prejudice them by garbled statements of opinion and false estimates of ability, and should resolve to know the mental power of their brethren through the only safe channel—that of direct and frequent intercourse. This, however, to be done effectually, must be done systematically; and we would recommend for the purpose the establishment of those meetings which are termed *conver-*

sationi. In favour of such a scheme, we have, in this country, the examples of painters, architects, engineers, men of general science, and cultivators of literature, and on the continent, of all these, and musicians in addition; why, then, should the composers of England neglect a practice of which the prevalence bespeaks the utility? Let our young musicians meet in that candid and open-hearted spirit which should be the distinguishing ornament of their craft—let them fathom each other's talents in discussions on the beauties and difficulties of their art—let them inoffensively offer and accept opinions on the works of themselves or others, and we may safely predict the happiest results. By these means they will be led to estimate the collective value of English musical acquirement, they will obtain valuable hints on such practical intricacies of composition as solitary study cannot enable them to vanquish, and, by the concentration of their resources, our national school of art will assume a character of dignity which it has hitherto wanted in the opinion of Europe.

We have thrown out this skeleton-project in the hope that the attention of our readers may be attracted to a general consideration of the subject;—as to the detail or machinery of such an institution, we shall be glad to receive suggestions from any correspondents whose views of the matter may coincide with our own.

OBSERVATIONS ON MUSIC.

BY USHER.

THERE are few who have not felt the charms of music, and acknowledged its expressions to be intelligible to the heart. It is the language of delightful sensations, which is far more eloquent than that of words: it breathes into the ear the clearest intimations; but how it was learned, to what origin we owe it, or what is the definite meaning to be affixed to some of its most affecting strains, we know not.

We plainly feel that music gently touches and agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; that it wraps us in melancholy and elevates us with joy; that it dissolves and inflames; that it melts us in tenderness and rouses to rage; but its strokes are so fine and delicate, that, as in a tragedy, even the passions that wound, please. Its sorrows are charming, and its rage heroic and delightful: as people feel the particular passions with different degrees of force, their taste for harmony must proportionably vary. Music then is a language directed to the passions; but the rudest of these put on a new nature, and become pleasing in harmony: let me also add, that it awakens some passions which we do not perceive in ordinary life. The most elevated sensation of music arises from a confused perception of ideal or visionary beauty and rapture, which is sufficiently distinguishable to fire the imagination, but not clear enough to become an object of knowledge. This shadowy beauty the mind attempts, with a languishing curiosity, to collect into a distinct object of view and comprehension; but it fades and escapes, like the dissolving ideas of a delightful dream, that are neither within the reach of the memory, nor yet totally fled. The noblest charm of music, then, though real and affecting, seems too confused and fluid to be collected into a distinct idea. Melody is always understood by the crowd, but almost always mistaken by musicians, who are, with hardly an exception, servile followers of the taste of the day; who having expended much time and pains on the mere mechanical and practical part, are induced to lay too great a stress on those dexterities of hand, which have no real value, except as they serve to produce sounds, or collections of sound, which move the passions. The present taste for music bears a striking resemblance to that rage for *tragi-comedy*, which

about a century ago gained so much ground upon the stage. The musicians of the present day are charmed at the strange union they form between the grave and the fantastic, and at the surprising transitions they make to the wildest extremes; while every hearer who has the least remainder of the taste of nature left, must be shocked at the strange jargon. If the same taste prevailed in painting, we should soon find the monster of Horace realized on canvass; we should see the woman's head, the horse's body, and the fish's tail united by soft gradations, and set off in the most imposing manner. Musicians should take particular care to preserve in its full vigour and sensibility their original, natural taste, which alone can feel and discover the true beauty of music.

If Shakspeare, Milton, or Dryden, had been born with the same genius and inspiration for music as for poetry, and had passed through the practical part without corrupting the natural taste, or blending with it prepossession in favour of those sleights of hand and curious dexterities of which our musicians are so ambitious, then would their notes have been tuned to passions and to sentiments as natural and expressive as the tones and modulations of the voice in eloquent discourse. No great difference would be found between the music and the thought; the hearers would only think impetuously, and the effect of the music would be to impart to the ideas a tumultuous violence, and give a divine impulse to the mind. Any person conversant with the classic poets, sees instantly that the passionate power of the music I speak of was perfectly understood and practised by the ancients; that the muses of the Greeks always sung, and that their song was the echo of the subject which swelled their poetry into enthusiasm and rapture. It were devoutly to be wished that the Grecian taste for impassioned music could be once more restored, to the delight and wonder of mankind. But as, from the disposition of things, and the force of fashion, we can scarcely hope in our time to rescue the sacred lyre, and place it in the hands of men of genius—all that can be done is to try and reclaim musicians to their own natural feeling of harmony; to inculcate this important truth, that the genuine emotions of music are not to be found in compositions of a laboured, fantastic, and surprising kind, but rather in those pieces that are the growth of a native, simple, and unvitiated taste. Such emotions are discoverable in the swelling sounds that wrap us in imaginary grandeur; in those plaintive notes that make us in love with woe; in the tones that breathe the lover's sighs and agitate the breast with gentle pain; in those noble impressions that coil up the courage and fury of the soul, or that lull it in confused visions of joy: in a word, in those affecting strains that find their way to the inmost recesses of the heart—

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.—MILTON.

ON MUSIC, AS AN IMITATIVE ART.

BY SIR W. JONES.

It is the fate of those maxims, which have been thrown out by very eminent writers, to be received with implicit faith, and to be repeated a thousand times, for no other reason, than because they once dropped from the pen of a superior genius: one of these is the assertion of Aristotle—that *all poetry consists in imitation*. This has been so frequently echoed from author to author, that it would seem a kind of arrogance to controvert it; for almost all the philosophers and critics who have written upon the subject of poetry, music, and painting, how little soever they may agree in some points, seem of one mind in considering them as arts merely imitative; yet, it must be clear to any one who examines what passes in his own mind, that he is affected by the finest poems, pieces of music, and pictures, upon a principle which, whatever it be, is entirely distinct from imitation. M. le Batteaux has attempted to prove that all the fine arts have a relation to this common principle of imitating; but, whatever may be said of painting, it is probable that poetry and music had a nobler origin; and, if the first language of man was not both poetical and musical, it is certain, at least,

that in countries where no kind of imitation seems to be admired, there are poets and musicians, both by nature and by art. Such is the case in some of the Mahometan nations, where sculpture and painting are forbidden by the laws; where dramatic poetry is wholly unknown; and yet, where the pleasing arts of expressing the passions in verse, and of enforcing that expression by melody, are cultivated to a degree of enthusiasm. The attempt of the present essay will be to prove that poetry and music have, certainly, a power of imitating the manners of men, as well as several objects in nature; yet, that their greatest effect is not produced by *imitation*, but by a very different principle, which is to be sought for in the deepest recesses of the human mind.

To state the question properly, we must have a clear notion of what is meant by poetry and music; but no precise definition of them can be given till we have made a few previous remarks on their origin, their relation to each other, and the points in which they differ.

It seems probable, then, that poetry was originally no more than a strong and animated expression of the passions of joy and grief, love and hatred, admiration and anger; sometimes pure and unmixed, sometimes variously modified and combined: for, if we observe the voice and accents of a person affected by any of the violent passions, we shall perceive something in them very nearly approaching to cadence and measure.

If this idea be just, one would suppose that the most ancient sort of poetry consisted in praising the Deity; for if we conceive a being, created with all his faculties and senses, and endued with speech and reason, to open his eyes in a most delightful plain, to view for the first time the serenity of the sky, the splendour of the sun, the verdure of the fields and woods, the glowing hues of the flowers, we can hardly believe it possible that he should refrain from bursting into an ecstasy of joy, and pouring his praises to the Maker of these wonders, and the author of his happiness.

The next source of poetry was, probably, *love*; hence arose the most agreeable odes and songs—not filled, like modern sonnets, with the insipid babble of darts and cupids—but simple, tender, natural; breathing unaffected endearment and mild complaint:

“Teneri sdegni, placide e tranquille
Repulse, e cari vezzi, e lieti paci.”—Tasso.*

The *grief* which the first inhabitants of the earth must have felt at the death of their dearest friends and relations, gave rise to another species of poetry, which originally, perhaps, consisted of short dirges, and was afterwards lengthened into elegies.

As soon as vice began to prevail in the world, it was natural for the wise and virtuous to express their *detestation* of it in the strongest manner; to show their resentment against the corruptors of mankind, and to furnish precepts of morality and exhortations to virtue: hence *moral* and *satirical* poetry were derived. We may also reasonably conjecture that *Epic poetry* had the same origin; and that the examples of heroes and kings were introduced, in order to illustrate some moral truth, by showing the loveliness and advantages of virtue, or the many misfortunes that flow from vice.

Such are the principal sources of poetry, and of music too, as it shall be my endeavour to show. First, however, it is necessary to say a few words on the nature of sound; a very copious subject, which would require a long dissertation to be accurately and fully discussed. Without speaking of the vibrations of chords, or the undulations of the air, it will be sufficient for our purpose to observe, that there is a wide difference between a *common sound* and a *musical sound*. It consists chiefly in this: that the former is simple and entire in itself, like a point; while the latter is always accompanied with other sounds, without ceasing to be *one*—like a circle, which is an entire figure, though generated by a multitude of points flowing at equal distancess round a common centre. These accessory sounds, which are caused by the aliquot parts of a sonorous body

* Timid approach, and soft repulse, where meet
Light anger, and forgiveness doubly sweet.

vibrating at once, are called *harmonics*. This is Nature's own work ; and, since she has given us so delightful a harmony of her own, why should we destroy it by the addition of art ? It is thinking

————— to paint the lily,
And add a perfume to the violet.

Now let us conceive that some vehement passion is expressed in strong words, exactly measured, and pronounced in a *common voice*, in just cadence and with proper accents ; such an expression of the passion will be genuine poetry : the famous Ode of Sappho, for instance, is allowed to be so in the strictest sense ; but if the same ode, with all its natural accents, were expressed in a *musical voice*, if it were sung in due time and measure, to a simple and pleasing tune, that added force to the words without stifling them, it would then be pure and original music ; not merely pleasing to the ear, but affecting the heart ; not an *imitation* of Nature, but the voice of Nature herself. But there is another point in which the music must resemble the poetry, or it will lose a considerable part of its effect : we must all have observed that a speaker agitated with passion, or an actor (who is indeed strictly an *imitator*), are perpetually changing the tone and pitch of their voice, as the sense of the words varies : let us observe how this variation is effected in music. Everybody knows that the musical scale consists of seven notes, above which we find a succession of similar sounds repeated in the same order ; and above that, other successions, as far as they can be continued by the human voice, or distinguished by the human ear : now, each of these seven sounds has no more meaning, when heard separately, than a single letter of the alphabet would have ; and it is only by their succession and their relation to one principal sound, that they take any rank in the scale, or differ from each other, except as they are *graver* or more *acute* ; but in the regular scale each interval assumes a proper character, and every note stands related to the first or principal one by various proportions. Now a series of sounds relating to one leading note is called a *mode* ; and as there are twelve semitones in a scale, each of which may be made in its turn the leader of a mode, it follows that there are twelve modes. Each of them has, also, a peculiar character, arising from the position of the *modal* note, and from some minute difference in the ratios, as, for instance, of 81 to 80, or a comma ; for there are some intervals which cannot easily be rendered on our instruments, yet have a surprising effect in *modulation*, or, in other words, in the transitions from one mode to another.

The modes of the ancients are said to have had a wonderful effect over the mind ; but if they surpassed us in the strength of their modulations, we have an advantage over them in our *minor scale*, which supplies us with twelve new modes, where the two semitones are removed from their natural position between the third and fourth, the seventh and eighth notes, and placed between the second and third, the fifth and sixth : this change of the semitones, by giving a minor third to the *modal* note, softens the general expression of the mode, and admirably adapts it to subjects of grief and affliction ; for instance, the minor mode of D is tender, that of C with three flats plaintive, and that of F with four, pathetic and mournful to the highest degree ; for which reason it was made choice of by the admirable Pergolesi, in his celebrated *Stabat Mater*. Now these twenty-four modes, artfully interwoven, and varied according to the sentiment and character of the piece, may express all the variations in the voice of a speaker, and impart an additional force and beauty to the accents of the poet. Consistently with the foregoing principle we may, therefore, define original and native poetry, to be "the language of the passions, expressed in exact measure, with strong accents and significant words ;" and true music to be no more than "poetry, delivered in a succession of harmonious sounds, so disposed as to please the ear and affect the heart." True music will, therefore, closely unite itself to the poetry, and, instead of instructing, increase its influence. Unless it does this, it may be said to paint nothing, to express nothing, to say nothing to the heart, and consequently can only give a vague pleasure to one of our senses ; and no reasonable man will seriously prefer a transitory pleasure, which must soon end in satiety, or even in disgust, to a delight of the soul, arising from sympathy, and founded on the

natural passions, always lively, always interesting, always transporting. The old divisions of music into *celestial* and *earthly*, *divine* and *human*, *active* and *contemplative*, *intellective* and *oratorical*, were founded rather upon metaphors and chimerical analogies, than upon any real distinctions in nature; but the want of making a distinction between the *music of mere sounds* and the *music of the passions*, has been the perpetual source of confusion and contradiction both among the ancients and the moderns. Nothing can be more opposite, in many points, than the system of Rameau and Tartini; one of whom asserts that melody springs from harmony, and the other derives harmony from melody; and both are in the right, if the first speaks only of that music which took its rise from "the multiplicity of sounds heard at once in the sonorous body," and the second, of that which rose from "the accents and inflexions of the human voice, animated by the passions." To decide, as Rousseau justly observes, which of these two schools ought to have the preference, we need only ask a plain question—Was the voice made for the instruments, or the instruments for the voice?

It has been asserted that *descriptive* poetry, and *descriptive* music, as they are called, are strict imitations; but, not to insist that mere *description* is the meanest part of both arts, if indeed it belongs to them at all, it is clear that words and sounds have no kind of resemblance to visible objects: and what is an imitation but a resemblance of some other thing? Even sounds themselves are imperfectly imitated by harmony; and if we sometimes hear the murmuring of a brook, the chirping of birds, &c., in a concerto, we are generally obliged to be apprised before hand where we are to expect the passages. Some eminent musicians have, it is true, been absurd enough to think of imitating laughter and other noises; but if they had succeeded, they would not have made amends for their want of taste in attempting it; for such ridiculous imitations must necessarily destroy the spirit and dignity of the finest poems, which they ought to illustrate by a graceful and natural melody. It seems to me, that as those parts of poetry and music which relate to the passions affect by *sympathy*, so those which are merely descriptive act by a kind of *substitution*; that is, by raising in our minds affections or sentiments analogous to those which arise in us when the respective objects in nature are presented to our senses. Let us suppose that a poet, or a musician, are striving to impart to others a pleasure similar to that which he feels at the sight of a beautiful prospect: the first will form an agreeable assemblage of lively images, which he will express in lively and elegant verse; he will select the most beautiful objects, and will add to the graces of his description a certain delicacy of sentiment, and a spirit of cheerfulness, in unison with the scene described;—the musician, who undertakes to set the words of the poet, will select some mode which has the character of cheerfulness and gaiety, as, for instance, the Eolian, or E flat, which he will change, or rather progress from, as the sentiment is varied; he will express the words in a simple and agreeable melody, which will not disguise, but embellish them, without aiming at any fugue or misplaced incongruities; he will, above all things, observe a unity in the melody, applying his variations only to such accessory ideas as the principal part could not so easily express.

Thus it is that each artist will attain his end; not by *imitating* the works of nature, but by assuming her power, and causing the same effect upon the imagination which her charms produce on the senses: this must be the chief aim of the poet, as well as of the musician, who will do well to convince themselves of the important truth, that "great effects are not produced by minute details, but by the general keeping and spirit of the whole piece; that a gaudy composition may strike and dazzle for a time, but that the charms of simplicity are more delightful and more permanent."

If the arguments used in this essay have any weight, it will appear that the finest parts of poetry and music are expressive of the passions, and operate on our minds by sympathy; that the inferior parts of them are descriptive of natural objects, and affect us chiefly by *substitution*; that the expressions of love, pity, desire, and the tender passions, as well as the descriptions of objects that delight the senses, produce in the arts what is termed the *beautiful*; while hate, anger, fear, and the terrible passions, are productive of the sublime.

REVIEW.

Handel's admired air, "See the conquering hero comes," with an Introduction and brilliant variations for the pianoforte—by R. Andrews.

It has seldom been our lot to stumble on a more meagre or unmusician-like affair than this *fasciculus* of "Introduction and brilliant variations." To describe it concisely, we should say that it contains fifteen pages of very tolerable paper rendered useless by the blotting of a shoal of notes which, in their combinations, present neither novelty or interest of any kind. We have looked carefully over the whole of this large surface without discovering the shadow of a design in any part; without being cheered by a single smile of melody—unless we except the *grins* into which Mr. Andrews has distorted the aspect of his victim, Handel; and without detecting a solitary hint at the existence of such matters as harmony or counterpoint, except through sundry offences against the laws of both. The writer of this piece is evidently beset with some overwhelming, though, we trust, temporary delusion; nothing else could have urged him to such an exhibition of imbecility—nothing else could have induced him to subscribe himself "Composer" to such an unalloyed assortment of pianoforte clatter which has been, long since, cast off by even the fashionable writers, as utterly musty and unfit for further service. And then, too, the formidable contour of the whole affair—the alternations of "Tutts," and "Solos"—the occasional "Trumpet," "Flutes, Oboes, and Clarinets," "Violins pizz.," "Oboes and Clarinets," and other demonstrations that the author would have us believe that he really intended such a thing for public performance! That he may venture with it into an orchestra, *himself*, is not too remote a probability, but our confidence would be reduced to a mathematical point—"having neither length, breadth, nor thickness"—in the discretion of any other man who would risk his popularity on such an experiment.

The "Introduction" is clearly without a beginning of any kind. It is, in fact, two pages of preparation for a half-close;—it is the end of something which ought to have commenced on the tonic of C; since the first page is entirely made up of alternations between the common-chord and minor 6-4 on G and the sixth on A flat, and the second page is occupied by a rumbling pedale which bears no harmony save that of its major triad. Immediately following this, we find a page of "Andante," in E flat, which, did it even possess a particle of musical idea, would still be destitute of meaning or use in its present position. The easy, artificial form of this "movement"—for so, in courtesy we presume, must it be termed—is highly amusing. Two scrambling phrases, without the vestige of a subject between them, of four bars each—the first beginning in E flat and terminating in B flat—and the second taking the reverse course—and eight bars of preparation for another close—including two vile progressions, from the tenth to the twelfth bar of the page—constitute its whole substance. To the end of this is tacked a page of cadence on the chord of D, resembling nothing we know of but a school-exercise "for the use of beginners," and then, ushered in by a pompous trumpeting of two bars' duration, comes the *terma*. The five variations and *coda* which follow, entirely fulfil the promise of the antecedent matter. They do not contain a single bar of which Mr. Andrews can claim the origination; and, moreover, the figures employed are throughout of that kind which writers of the Hunten and Hertz school have long since worked into irretrievable mustiness. Altogether we have seldom perused a piece containing so little of that stuff which alone can furnish a valid pretext for publication.

Overture to "Romeo and Juliet," composed and arranged as a pianoforte duet by G. A. Macfarren.

This exquisite composition deserves European celebrity, and we rejoice to meet with it in a shape which renders its beauties accessible to all moderate practitioners on the pianoforte. To all those who prefer an adaptation of *sensible* and masterly music to the flutter and frippery of modish writing for the instrument, we can most confidently recommend this arrangement. It certainly conveys but a faint idea of the original to those who have heard it in an orchestra or know the score; but the *matter*, at least, is preserved, and Mr. Macfarren is not to blame for the non-production of effects of which the pianoforte is incapable.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The one-hundred-and-second anniversary festival of this excellent institution was celebrated in the Freemason's Hall, on Friday, the 10th inst., H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge in the chair, supported by Lord Burghersh, the Hon. A. Macdonald, Sir John Campbell, Sir John Hall, Sir C. M. Clarke, Sir R. Gill, Doctors Billing and Outram, P. S. Salomons, Esq., T. Fitzherbert, Esq., &c. &c. About two hundred persons dined, and there were about a hundred ladies in the hall and gallery. Nothing could exceed the arrangements of the day; every thing went smoothly and harmoniously off: but in order that our readers may form an idea of the musical entertainment, we shall give a programme of it.

Non Nobis Domine—sublimely sung by a host of vocalists.

God save the Queen—accompanied by Her Majesty's band.

Calcott's glee—"Queen of the valley."

Horsley's glee—"When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree."

Grand March—composed for the Society by Haydn.

Mozart's duet—"Ah perdona,"—charmingly sung by Madame Stockhausen and Miss Bildstein, and encored.

Festa's madrigal—"Down in a flow'ry vale,"—encored.

Duet, pianoforte and violin—Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Blagrove—excellently performed.

A set of Waltzes, by the band.

Ballad, of her own composition, by Miss M. B. Hawes—"As I walk'd by myself,"—encored.

Grand March—composed by Winter for the Society.

Glee—full choir—Webbe's "Mighty Conqueror."

Scottish ballad—"John Anderson, my Jo,"—sweetly sung by Mrs. A. Toulmin, and loudly encored.

A set of Waltzes, by the band.

Duet—"The Miners of the Lake Leman,"—by Madame Stockhausen and Miss Bildstein, accompanied by the composer, M. Stockhausen, on the harp, and encored.

Messrs. Knyvett, Horsley, and Lord, jun., accompanied the vocal pieces on the pianoforte. The professionals present were, Messrs. Anderson, Burrowes, Bellamy, Bennett, Blackburn, Bradbury, F. Cramer, T. Cooke, Calkin, Collyer, Chapman, Elliott, Francis, Griffin, Horsley, Hawkins, Hawes, Knyvett, King, Kollman, Lord, Lord jun., Moxley, Mackintosh, Moscheles, Neate, Parry, Rovidino, Sale, Spencer, Stretton, Terrail, Worgan, Walmisley, Wood, Watts, Vaughan, Sir George Smart, and several of the Chapel Royal young gentlemen. Mr. Parry, Honorary Treasurer, read a long list of donations, among which were 25*l.* from the Duke of Cambridge, and 100*l.* from the Messrs. Broadwood. As a proof of the good feeling which this Society bears towards other institutions, the following was among the toasts of the day:—"Prosperity to the New Musical and Choral Funds; also, to the Royal Society of Female Musicians, lately formed with the same benevolent objects in view as this and the other Societies have."—Mr. Horsley proposed the health of the Royal Chairman in a very neat address, to which His Royal Highness responded in his accustomed gracious and courteous manner. The sum appropriated by the Society last year to charitable purposes, amounted to 235*l.* 16*s.* 1*d.*; and the claimants on its funds at present consist of twelve members, who receive 60 guineas a-year each; thirty-three widows, 30 guineas each; and fifteen children, 12 guineas each.

"Thus Music, heavenly maid! alike bestows
Joy to our gladness—comfort to our woes."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's *Messiah* was performed on Wednesday evening at Exeter Hall. By their admirable execution of the choruses in this sublime work, the amateurs have achieved the greatest triumph of their present campaign; so far as *their* efforts were concerned, they have left no room for comment, save the most unqualified praise. Throughout all the vocal in-

tricacies with which this oratorio abounds—from the first chorus to the concluding “Amen”—their style, precision, and intonation, were alike perfect. Of their style, we quote an example of which, we think, the beauty could not, under any circumstances, be exceeded—the chorus, “For unto us.” It was, in fact, a specimen of refined glee-singing on a gigantic scale. The vast *piano*—not the quietude of weakness, but the murmuring of power—the faultless unity in the execution of passages, and the beautiful smoothness and equality of force in the mass, were never, within our experience, heard to any approximating extent; and a vociferous *encore* was but the barest justice to its unquestionable loveliness. In other points of accuracy, also, this admirable choral band has made vast progress since the performance of the *Messiah* during the last season. The choruses, “And he shall purify,” “He trusted in God,” “All we like sheep,” (the latter portion especially) “And with his stripes,” and “Surely he hath borne our griefs,” contain many combinations of harmony which require the utmost care for their correct execution—vocal difficulties, in short, quite sufficient to render their effect, in ordinary cases, a matter of most disagreeable uncertainty—the two latter, especially, being much more frequently attempted than accomplished; and yet the symptoms of wavering, either as to time or tune, were so slight as to be unworthy the trouble of recording. The superb morsel, “Surely he hath borne our griefs,” was exquisitely gratifying in this respect: we have never heard it so admirably sung at the festivals in Liverpool, Manchester, or Norwich, where the choral societies are reputedly in higher training than anywhere else in England. Throughout a long and fatiguing evening, the energy of the amateurs never for a moment abated, and a performance of “Worthy is the Lamb,” as full of indomitable spirit, as though three hours of labour had not preceded it, placed the capstone on a display of sterling singing which could not easily be rivalled in any city of Europe.

Although, generally, the oratorio was more correctly timed than on any former occasion at these concerts, the conductor could not, in two or three instances, resist the temptation to blunder in his ordinary manner. The fugue in the overture was led off at a rate which, if persevered in, would have annihilated its effect; but the impetus of the music itself, and the determination of the basses, at length corrected the error, and the flourishing of the *baton* was, as usual, rendered a harmless exhibition. In the commencement of the chorus, “The Lord gave the word,” the leader and conductor were so palpably at issue, that, for a moment, a halt and fresh start appeared inevitable. Mr. Surman, in his accustomed fashion, was minded to bestow his tediousness on the brilliant conception that lay at his mercy, and Mr. Perry was equally resolved that it should have at least the benefit of a rational degree of speed, and, in consequence, the band presently gained a bar on the chorus; from this dilemma, however, they were rescued by some providential fortuity, and the movement proceeded in tolerable order to its conclusion. Again, the “Amen” fugue was commenced at least one-third too slowly—probably for the especial accommodation of the organist—and so continued until the violin-symphony after the first close, when the leader took the matter into his own hands and brought the time to a more satisfactory state. Absurdities so glaring as these are inconsistent with the Society’s prospect of advancement, and at all risks should be removed. The public announcement of Mr. Surman’s name may be gratifying to his self-esteem, but whether a conductor fulfils the duties of his office who is led at all points by the band which he is supposed to govern, is a question requiring very slight discussion for its settlement.

Mr. Harrison’s attempt on the tenor-solos of the *Messiah* bordered closely on total failure. In the opening recitative, at the concluding sentence, “Make straight in the desert” &c., he chose to adopt a style of delivery at variance with the spirit of the text; and after singing the air “Every valley,” with an abundance of coarseness, he finished with a cadence which deservedly received the severest rebuke within the power of an audience to inflict. His reading of the recitative, “Thy rebuke hath broken his heart,” was totally devoid of feeling; and in the song, “Thou shalt break them,” he mistook unmeaning vociferation for energy of sentiment. This gentleman has, we think, sung too much and

studies too little. If he would cultivate musical feeling as one of the indispensable to his occupation—if he would be less anxious about personal display, and more tenderly regardful of the beauties of his author, he would lose nothing in the opinion of his present admirers, and assuredly gain ground in general estimation. Miss Lucombe also encountered the marked censure of her audience on a cadence with which she chose to bedizen the end of "But thou didst not leave"—and we cannot think the reproof unmerited. The practice of thus openly *hissing* singers who offend good taste may seem harsh, but it cannot fail to prove salutary:—if those who are entrusted with the execution of beautiful music will persist in violating the decencies of art in defiance of the warnings of their well-wishers, whether conveyed through the medium of the press, or by any more private channel, they deserve and must expect the unsparring censure of the public. Of Miss Birch we can merely say that her "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," abundantly delighted her audience. The airs, "O Thou that tellest," and "He was despised," were sung by Miss Hawes with the utmost purity and elegance, and Messrs. Leffler and A. Novello divided the bass-solos and the credit of musician-like performance, very fairly between them.

The pedals of the new organ are immensely effective in the choruses, but we must protest against their use in the songs or such orchestral movements as the "Pastoral Symphony." Their ponderous quality defies all notions of mixture with stringed-instruments, ruins every attempt at *piano* effect, and distresses the ear by its reverberating profundity. No organist possessing the slightest acquaintance with the *rationale* of orchestral operations would need a caution against any such abuse of his instrument.

The *Messiah* is announced for repetition on Friday evening in next week.

WESTERN CITY GLEE CLUB.—The performance of Thursday evening comprised many excellent compositions, which were given most effectively by the vocalists present. Messrs. J. O. Atkins, Laud, Foord, and Hudson each sung a song in the course of the evening. The last meeting takes place on the 23rd instant.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The first concert took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday last, and was attended by H. R. H. Prince Albert, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Burghersh, and a host of musical patrons. Amongst the pieces performed were Lindpainter's Overture to *Der Vampyr*, "Qual Anelante," nicely sung by Miss Pennington and Miss M. Smith. Thalberg's Andante played in a highly creditable manner by Miss Loder, a pupil of Mrs. Anderson; Drouet's variations on "God save the Queen," executed most brilliantly by Richardson; Handel's song, "Oh Lord whose Mercies," well sung by Miss Steele; "Kyrie Eleison," the composition of Miss Bendixen, a pupil of the Academy; and Wilby's pretty madrigal "Flora gave me." The concert was led by Mr. Cramer, and conducted by Mr. Lucas.

GLEE CLUB.—There was a strong muster of this club on Saturday, John Capel, Esq., presiding. Among the glees sung were Cooke's "Strike the lyre," Callcott's "Are the white horns," Spofforth's "Come bounteous May," Attwood's "In peace love tunes," R. Cooke's "No riches," Walmisley's "The leaf that falls" and a MS. composition by Mr. Neate, who performed a sonata of Beethoven's on the pianoforte with great applause. The vocalists present were Messrs. Bellamy, Hawes, Horsley, Evans, Elliot, Cooke, Collyer, Atkins, Bradbury, Walmisley, Fitzwilliam, H. Gear, Moxley, Blewitt, and Parry; the latter, as well as Messrs. Collyer, Fitzwilliam, and Blewitt, sung songs, and the harmony of the evening was kept up with great spirit.

PROVINCIAL.

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EXETER.—*Devon and Exeter Quartett Concerts.*—The third concert, on Thursday, the 2nd inst., was honoured with the best attendance we have seen as yet, evidently show-

ing that the taste for classical music in this county is on the increase. The following is the programme:—

PART I.

| | |
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| Quintett..... | Kromner. |
| Glee—If love and all the world..... | Webbe. |
| Song—The erl king..... | Schubert. |
| Quartett..... | Spolir. |
| Scena—All is lost..... | Bellini. |
| Glee—Through nature's wide domains..... | Sir J. L. Rogers. |
| Trio, no. 7, op. 4..... | Corelli. |

PART II.

| | |
|---|------------|
| Glee—Father of Heroes..... | Calcott. |
| Trio..... | Mozart. |
| Song—On Linden..... | Smith. |
| Quintett in E flat..... | Beethoven. |
| Song—Thy face in every blooming flower I see..... | Schubert. |
| Glee..... | Bishop. |

The instrumental pieces, without exception, were exceedingly well played. The glees were beautifully sung, particularly the one by Sir J. Rogers, who was again present, and "Father of Heroes," which was encored. Miss Le Batt will sing Schubert's charming songs better after more practice: she certainly deserves great praise for her choice, which was a decided improvement on that of the last concert: and although she might not have been greeted with so much applause from the audience, all real lovers of the science must have been delighted with her selection. Mr. Carpenter was particularly happy in Bellini's difficult Scena. We congratulate him on his great success. We must also mention his correct performance of Mozart's charming trio on the piano, in which he was most ably assisted by Messrs. Pinkey and Rice on the clarinet and tenor. Messrs. Kayes, Rice, and Turner played Corelli's trio (two violoncellos and double bass) splendidly. Altogether, this concert seemed to give general satisfaction: and it is with sincere pleasure we congratulate Mr. H. J. Haycraft and the conductor on the increased attendance and attention with which these classical performances have been honoured.

SHREWSBURY.—*The Choral Society.*—On Friday evening, the third and concluding concert of the present season drew an auditory no less numerous and select than any that has attended the most successful of the Society's entertainments hitherto given at the Town Hall, though the merit of the performance, and the pleasure attendant upon hearing it, were certainly below the average. These untoward circumstances were, however, in no degree attributable to the committee, whose exertions in ministering to the musical taste of the public of Shrewsbury entitled them on this, as on all other occasions, to the highest encomiums. The concert opened with an organ concerto, arranged from Mozart, by Mr. Hiles, who played it in faultless style. Every portion of it was thrown off with equal spirit and delicacy; and more particularly the passages on the flute-stop were given with masterly vigour and sweetness, with which it was impossible for the most cynical connoisseur to be otherwise than highly gratified. The "Yager Chorus" was but feebly applauded—yet quite as much as it deserved to be. Next came one of Webbe's trifles, beginning "Soft Zephyr," by Mr. Pearsall. This gentleman possesses some reputation as a provincial vocalist; and as a singer of concerted music we should be inclined to award him a distinguished place. His voice is a tenor of limited compass, and soft and agreeable in its middle tones. He excels in the distinctness of his intonation, and in songs like the one just mentioned, evinces a good deal of feeling and powers of expression. His best solo effort was his last—viz. the ballad "Come, come," which he gave remarkably well; and on being called upon for an encore, repeated it with increased eclat. The celebrated scena, commencing "Before my eyes," sung by Agnes in *Der Frieschutz*, was allotted in the scheme to Miss Graham, the *prima donna* of the evening; but when her turn came, Mr. Sayer, the secretary of the society, apologised for her, on the score of a sudden and severe cold, and informed the audience that Mr. Pearsall would sing an additional song instead. Chevalier Neukomm's air, set to Campbell's glorious verses, "Ye mariners of England," was given by Mr. W. Hay, but not with his customary energy. The same, we are sorry to add, may be said of his manner of giving "Farewell to the mountain." Mrs. Groves's manner of singing "There was joy" was much impaired by a nervous timidity under which she appeared to labour; but the *naïf* simplicity and plaintiveness she infused into the second verse called forth sufficient applause to reassure her, and she got through it with deserved credit. The concerted pieces were, on the whole, particularly well sung. Especial mention should be made of "When through life," arranged as a glee for four voices.—Moore's inimitably exquisite words, wedded to a fitting air by Sir John Stevenson, seem bathed in melody; and being well sung, breathed forth the very soul of poetry. In this and a variety of other compositions, the assistance of Miss Price and Mr. Hanley was extremely serviceable. In the second part,

Mr. Saxton introduced a pianoforte concerto by Herz, which was well calculated to exhibit the powers of the performer. It gave us even a higher notion of Mr. Saxton than anything we had previously heard; but unfortunately the effect of his most brilliant and rapid passages was much marred by the wretched and dissonant instrument he played upon. In one part, where he showered down a handful or two of staccato notes, the noise produced was like that which would be emitted from an empty beer-barrel if a cascade of turnips descended upon it. Of the instrumental portion of the entertainment, the selection being excellent, it is in our power to speak in terms of unqualified praise. Several orchestral improvements have been introduced, and among them may be mentioned a trumpet, which is well played by a young son of Mr. Davies, the organist, who was himself present as double bass. The introduction of the trumpet told with considerable effect, in the ever-pleasing overture to *Masaniello*, which was admirably executed. The addition of a pair of drums would, however, have been a very great advantage. Mr. Tomlins led with all the fire of *il fanatico*, and with sound judgment into the bargain. The concert terminated shortly after eleven o'clock.

DONCASTER.—The Distin Family.—The inhabitants of Doncaster and the neighbourhood have lately experienced a rich treat from the performances of the Distin family, who gave a concert at the Mansion House. The performance presented selections and concerted pieces from our best masters, interspersed with some vocal music, sung by Mdlle. Schiller. The musical talent of the whole family is proverbial, and the precision and spirit with which their concerted pieces were performed is truly admirable. The trumpet obligato to "Let the bright seraphim," and the celebrated solo in which was introduced the whole of the voice part of "The soldier tired," by Mr. Distin, were the most finished performances we have ever heard, and his command of the bugle was equally astonishing. Mdlle. Schiller will improve as she acquires confidence. Some of her notes are exceedingly sweet, and with cultivation her powers of voice will much increase. Mr. H. Distin's aria on the French horn, and the "Echo Hunting Duet," on the same instrument, by Mr. H. and Mr. W. Distin, were exceedingly well played, and were loudly applauded. In the last named pieces the responses were given by the same performers, and were the most perfect echoes that could be imagined. Indeed, we heard several of the audience insist that the echoes were given from an adjoining room, so perfectly were they given. "The Light of other Days" was played in beautiful style, by Mr. H. Distin, on Distin's patent walking-stick cornetto, an instrument invented by one of the family. The concert concluded with "God save the Queen," which was performed in very superior style, by the whole force of the Distin family.

TONBRIDGE WELLS.—Organ Performance.—The organ recently built by Gray, of London, for the Rev. Mr. Pearson's Church here, was opened on Sunday last, and on Monday the following selection was performed by Mr. George Cooper, jun., the organist of St. Ann's, Aldersgate, and sub-organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, and Mr. C. Goodban, our talented professor and organist.

| | |
|--|------------|
| Prelude.—Air in native worth; and chorus—The marvellous works (Creation) | Haydn. |
| Movement from Quintett in B flat. | Mozart. |
| Prelude and fugue. | S. Bach. |
| Movement from a Trio. | Hummel. |
| Hailstone Chorus. | Handel. |
| Adagio in D flat. | Kallivoda. |
| Air—Hush, ye pretty warbling choir | Handel. |
| Chorus—The arm of the Lord | Haydn. |
| Dead March in Saul. | Handel. |
| Voluntary | Hesse. |
| Chorus—For unto us a child is born. | Handel. |

The whole performance reflected the highest credit on the gentlemen who presided at the instrument, and the subscribers, a majority of whom were present, expressed themselves highly gratified in the possession of an organ in every respect worthy of the high reputation of its builder. Amongst the finest parts of the instrument, mention may be deservedly made of the pedal pipes and reeds which are severally excellent; the former *told out* with an effect truly astonishing from *one set* of pipes.

HULL.—The Choral Society.—The fourth and last concert of this society for the present season was held at the Music Hall, Jarratt-street, on the evening of Tuesday week. The concert was of a nature which gave universal pleasure and satisfaction. The performers exercised their various abilities, vocal and instrumental, in a manner which called forth the rapturous applause of a crowded audience. Mrs. Toulmin has a rich, full, and effective voice. The duetto buffo, by this lady and Mr. Parry, was loudly applauded, and her Swiss melody was enthusiastically encored. Mademoiselle Schiller's song and ballad were prettily executed. Parry was at home, and in excellent tune; he was enthusiastically received, and his parts loudly applauded—especially his song, "The Musical Wife," which was one of his richest performances; he was loudly encored. He stated that he

had been requested to sing his "Music Lesson," which was a brilliant execution, and received with loud bursts of laughter and acclamation. The instrumental part of the concert, taken by the Distin family, was of a character not to be forgotten. The concerted pieces were most excellent. Mr. H. Distin's "Aria," on the French horn was a very good performance, as also, "The Light of other Days," on Distin's patent walking-stick cornetto, by the same gentleman. Mr. Distin's "Fantasia, and solo on the trumpet" were brilliant performances, and loudly encored, but the most delightful execution of the evening was the "Echo Hunting Duet," by Messrs. H. and W. Distin on two French horns, in which the responses given by the same performers were most enchanting, and rapturously encored. The whole evening's amusement was of a character which reflects the highest credit upon the performers, and will not soon be forgotten by the numerous and highly respectable assemblage. The committee deserve the warmest thanks of the subscribers for the engagement of performers which have given universal satisfaction not only on this occasion, but during the whole season.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—These pleasant entertainments were brought to a close with a bumper on Saturday evening, after a successful season; but we regret to learn that, owing to some misunderstanding between some of the band and the committee, an injunction was served on Saturday evening, prohibiting the treasurer from paying any money, so that the *coda* of these performances will be most probably made at another *bar* than that used in music.—*Morning Post*.

MRS. SALMON.—A concert will be given on the 24th of June, under the patronage of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, for the benefit of this once eminent singer.

MADAME DULCKEN has been appointed one of the professors of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—Mr. Bishop will conduct the next concert, which will be under the direction of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. Mr. Turle (organist of Westminster Abbey) and Mr. Lucas (director of the Royal Academy concerts) will conduct the fifth and sixth performances.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN PARIS.—It is said that a concert, on an immense scale is to be given during the *fêtes* of next July, in the Pantheon under the management of M. Berlioz.

BEHIND THE SCENES.—The Prefect of Police has renewed his *ordonnance* against the intrusion of unauthorised persons behind the scenes of the theatres of the capital, the opera included. No persons not of the company, except the authors, composers, or ballet-masters of the piece in performance, are to be allowed behind the scenes. The reason of this *ordonnance* is not only the inconvenience occasioned to the actors, but also the danger of accidents arising from the working of the machinery in such a crowded space, and of fire from the pompiers and servants being often much hindered by intruders in the performance of their duty.—*Paris Print*.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

| PIANOFORTE. | | | |
|---|------------|---|--------------|
| Kalliwoda.—Contredances Brillantes, op. 88 | Ever & Co. | Marschan.—Pianoforte-master, a series of Exercises in all the Major and Minor Keys, 2 books | Boosey. |
| —Trois Amusements en forme des rondeaux | Ditto. | McKorkell, C.—Les Blueilles, quatre rondinos elegans, from Massaniello, and Macon Crociato | Wessel & Co. |
| —Rondo à la Polonaise | Ditto. | Donizetti and Childs.—Tasso's Echo's quadrilles, with Cornet from 'Torquato Tasso' | Ditto. |
| Kuhlau.—Three Rondos, op. 40, nos. 1, 2, and 3 | Mills. | Thalberg.—Premier Homage à Bellini, grand fantasia on 'I Montecchi e Capuletti' | Ditto. |
| Field.—Romance in A | Ditto. | Huuten, F.—The Pupil's First Lessons | Chappell. |
| Donizetti.—'Torquato Tasso' as duets, by W. H. Callcott | Ditto. | Musard.—Quadrilles from La Reine d'un jour, sets 1 and 2 | Ditto. |
| Plachy.—Derniere Valse de Weber, variée | Boosey. | | |
| —Polonaise | Ditto. | | |
| —First Attempts on the Pianoforte, 2 books | Ditto. | | |

(List of New Publications continued.)

VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.
Molique's Works, book 12, containing
third grand concerto in D minor, op. 10

HARP.

Dibdin, M. A.—Prince Albert's March *Chappell.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hummel.—Op. 74, Septett in D minor,
for piano, violin, tenor, violoncello, and
bass *Wessel & Co.*

Reissiger.—Fifth Quartett in E flat, op.
141, for piano, violin, tenor, and violon-
cello *Ditto.*

Kalliwooda.—Divertissement hautboy with
orchestra *Ewer & Co.*

—Third Quartett, two violins, te-
nor and bass *Ditto.*

Webb's Marches for a Military Band, 9th
set *Coventry.*

VOCAL.

Phipps, W. H.—Esther's Prayer *Coventry.*

Horncastle.—Re del cielo, aria *Mills.*

Smith, C.—The factory child *Chappell.*

Hullah, J.—Let the merry dance go by;
duet *Ditto.*

Ashie, W. L.—The pirate's bark; song
Z. T. Purday.

Purday, C. H.—Home of my fathers;
ballad *Ditto.*

Nielson, E. J.—The Adieu—We miss her
at the morning hour; duetto *Ditto.*

Groom, Mrs.—The crusader's farewell;
serenade *Ditto.*

Nightingale, A.—I am but a little child;
hymn *Ditto.*

Blewitt, J.—My father's old hall; song
Ditto.

Kalliwooda.—Three songs, op. 98, with ac-
companiment for piano and violin *Ewer & Co.*

HAYDN'S TWELVE GRAND SYMPHONIES, composed for Salomon's Concerts, newly arranged by Charles Czerny, either as Pianoforte Solos or Duets, with ad. lib accompaniments for Flute, Violin, or Violoncello. Nos. 1 to 6 Piano Solo, each 4s.; Ditto with accompaniments, each 6s.; Nos. 7 to 12, each 5s.; Ditto with accompaniments, each 7s. 6d.; and as Duets, Nos. 1 to 12, each 7s. 6d.; and with accompaniments, each 9s. 6d.

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"Vienna, 1840.

CARL CZERNY.

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—A complete set of the above most valuable German work from its first commencement in 1798 until the retirement of its celebrated editor Rocklitz (the first musical critic in Germany) in the year 1821, comprised in 23 vols, 4to, neatly half-bound, with general index (late the property of a gentleman), to be sold at the moderate price of £10, cost originally £28. Apply to T. Boosey and Co., 28, Holles street.

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M. LISZT.—The eminent Pianiste will make his first appearance at Mrs. A. TOULMIN and Mr. JOHN PARRY'S Grand Evening Concert, Friday, May 8, 1840, in addition to the talent already announced. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at the principal Music-shops; Stall and Orchestra-seats, Fifteen Shillings, to be had only of Mrs. A. Toulmin, 31, Great Russell-street; and Mr. John Parry, 17, Tavistock-street, Bedford-square.



MR. PEARSELL'S GRAND CON-

CERTS will take place in the Easter week, the first in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry, on Wednesday evening, April 22; Town Hall, Birmingham, on Thursday evening, April 23; and in the Theatre, Lichfield, on Friday evening, April 24, 1840, under the following illustrious and distinguished patronage:—Her Majesty the Queen dowager; His Grace the Duke of Sutherland; the most Noble the Marquis of Anglesey; the Right Hon. the Earl Talbot; the Right Hon. the Earl Dartmouth; the Right Hon. the Earl Howe; the Right Hon. the Earl of Lichfield; the Right Hon. the Earl Craven; the Right Hon. the Earl of Denbigh; the Right Hon. Lord Lyttelton; the Right Hon. Lord Warr; the Right Hon. Lord Leigh; the High Sheriff of Staffordshire; the Lord Ingestre, M.P.; Lord Alfred Paget, M.P.; the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, Bart. M.P.; the Hon. and very Rev. the Dean of Lichfield; Gen. Sir G. Anson, M.P., K.C.B.; Admiral Sir W. Parker, K.C.B.; W. S. Dugdale, Esq., M.P.; Capt. E. H. A. Court, M.P.; General Dyott; the Right Hon. W. Peel; the Rev. Chancellor Law; the Venerable Archdeacon Hamilton; the Rev. Dr. Gardner, Canon-Residentary; the Rev. Spencer Madan, Canon Residentary; the Rev. T. Levett; Dr. Kittermaster; the Mayor of Lichfield; E. Grove, Esq.; J. N. Lane, Esq.; J. S. Manley, Esq.; J. Levett, Esq.; S. P. Wolferstan, Esq.; W. Hartopp, Esq.; J. Mott, Esq.; S. P. Shaw, Esq.; E. N. Kershaw, Esq.

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